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Garth Ennis Darick Robertson

The BOYS™

THIRTY

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The BOYS™

THIRTY

In a world where costumed heroes soar through the sky and masked vigilantes prowl the night, someone's got to make sure the "supes" don't get out of line. And someone will.

Billy Butcher, Wee Hughie, Mother's Milk, The Frenchman and The Female are The Boys: a CIA-backed team of very dangerous people, each one dedicated to the struggle against the most lethal force on Earth- superpower. Some superheroes have to be watched. Some have to be controlled. And some of them- sometimes- need to be taken out of the picture.

That's when you call in **The Boys**.

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EPILOGUE

WISPO, CAN YOU MAKE LIGHT YET?

I'M ASSUMING THEY TRAVELLED TO ANOTHER DIMENSION TO FIGHT THE FORCES OF EVIL FOREVER. THEIR SACRIFICE WILL ALLOW THE EARTH TO SURVIVE.

OR SOMETHING.

UM... OKAY?

THAT'S GREAT!

LAST NIGHT'S FIREWORKS WERE OBVIOUSLY THE BEGINNING OF THE ATTACK, A PRE-EMPTIVE STRIKE THAT THE G-MEN BARELY COUNTERED BEFORE...YES, EXACTLY.

WHATEVER THE DETAILS, THE VICTORY PEOPLE WILL MAKE IT WORK.

NICE WORK, WISPO! OKAY, TEAM, LET'S GET TO WORK!

THOSE PUNKS AIN'T GONNA GET AWAY WITH KIDNAPPIN' *PRE-WIZ!*

CAT O'MITE, I'M *REALLY FRIGHTENED...!*

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AW, C'MON, BABY BLUE! DON'T CRY!

BUT THOSE MEN WERE SCARY, THEY HAD *GUNS*...

SO WHAT! WE'RE TRAININ' TO BE G-MEN, WE'RE SUPERHEROES!

WE'LL GET OUTTA HERE AN' MAKE MISTER GODOLKIN PROUD OF US, HE'S JUST GONNA BE *SO PLEASED!*

NO, OF COURSE NOT. WOULD THAT WE COULD ALTER REAL LIFE THE WAY WE DO COMIC BOOKS.

LOOKALIKES, USED WITH RESTRAINT. A FEW REPLACEMENT CHARACTERS. BUT LONG TERM, CONSUMERS WILL SEE THAT THEY'RE NOT COMING BACK, AND...WELL, WE HAVE TO BRACE OURSELVES TO TAKE THE HIT.

I DON'T... I DON'T LIKE MISTER GODOLKIN SOMETIMES.

I DON'T LIKE THE STUFF HE MAKES ME DO.

YES, AS A MATTER OF FACT THEY WERE THERE.

NO. NO, THEY DIDN'T.

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HEY, YOU GUYS, DON'T GIVE UP! YOU THINK *FIVE-OH* STARTS CRYIN' WHEN THE GOIN' GETS TOUGH? OR CRITTER OR GROUND-HAWK OR DIVINE?

HECK, NO! THEY'RE THE *G-MEN!* THEY'RE THE ONES SHOWED US THE WAY!

RED RIVER PERSONNEL ARE NOTHING IF NOT THOROUGH, BUT EVEN MEN LIKE THAT HAVE LIMITS. AND, AS I'VE SAID BEFORE, I BELIEVE WE SHOULD STEER CLEAR OF RECRUITING OUTRIGHT SOCIOPATHS.

SO I CAME UP WITH ANOTHER SOLUTION. ONE THAT INVOLVES WHAT YOU MIGHT CALL A CHAIN OF CUSTODY, SO THAT NO ONE'S EVER AWARE OF THE FINAL CONSEQUENCES OF THEIR PARTICULAR ROLE.

SO ARE WE GONNA ROLL OVER FOR THESE CREEPS? OR ARE WE GONNA BE WHAT MISTER GODOLKIN WANTS US TO BE?

UM... YEAH!

WE'RE GONNA BE HEROES!

DARN RIGHT WE ARE! WE'RE GONNA BUST OUTTA HERE! GONNA GET OUR HANDS ON THESE LOUSY RATS!

OH, GOSH...!

OFF ICELAND, ACTUALLY.

PROBABLY 'ROUND ABOUT NOW.

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GONNA SHOW 'EM IT DON'T PAY TO MESS WITH *PRE-WIZ!*

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WELL, YEAH, ON THE ONE HAND, YOU DID NEARLY GET YOURSELF KILLED...

BUT ON THE OTHER YOU NEARLY TOOK THE REST OF US WITH YOU, YOU DOZY FUCKIN' TWAT.

NOT TO BE REPEATED, HUGHIE: CLEAR?

AYE.

CLEAR.

I JUST NEVER IMAGINED ANYTHING LIKE THAT.

ALL THOSE FOLK. I MEAN I KNOW THEY WERE SUPES, BUT THERE WERE SO MANY O' THEM--ALL JUST GETTIN' FUCKIN' *OBLITERATED*...

SEEN WORSE.

BUT MAYBE NOW YOU KNOW WHAT WE'RE REALLY UP AGAINST.

THIS IS BIG BOY'S RULES, MY SON.

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I CAN'T GET MY HEAD AROUND IT. I KNOW *GODOLKIN* HAD TO GO, I MEAN THAT ENTIRE HORRIBLE THING HE HAD THEM ALL TIED TO, IT WAS LIKE A PRISON. IT'S JUST *SO* DISGUSTIN', WHEN YOU THINK ABOUT WHAT HE...

AN' MAYBE, *MAYBE* SOME O' THE OTHERS. THE FIRST COUPLE O' TEAMS WERE OBVIOUSLY PRETTY FAR GONE.

BUT...

I DUNNO.

SORTA LIKE CANCER, INNIT? I MEAN HOW'RE YOU SUPPOSED TO KNOW WHERE TO STOP CUTTIN'?

YOU APPROVE O' WHAT WE SAW LAST NIGHT, IS THAT WHAT YOU'RE TELLIN' ME?

WELL WHAT'D YOUR ANSWER'VE BEEN? 'COS I STILL DUNNO EXACTLY WHAT THE FUCK YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS DOIN'...

I WAS GONNA TRY AN' GET THEM OUT OF IT. SOME O' THE G-WIZ FELLAS, MAYBE.

JUST TO MAKE THINGS... BETTER.

BUT WE AIN'T HERE TO MAKE THINGS BETTER, ARE WE, HUGHIE?

WE'RE HERE TO STOP 'EM FROM GETTIN' WORSE.

BE IN GRAND CENTRAL IN ABOUT FIVE MINUTES.

I'LL SEE YOU TOMORROW, I'M STAYIN' ON 'TIL D.C.

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PLEASE DO NOT.

UNCLE JOES

SEXY

I KNOW THERE ARE MEN IN THERE WITH WORK FOR YOU. I COULD PERSUADE THEM OTHERWISE, BUT MORE WOULD COME TO FILL THE GAP THEY LEFT.

AND I KNOW WITH WHAT YOU SAW, YET BARELY TASTED FOR YOURSELF--

THE NEED MUST BURN INSIDE YOUR SOUL LIKE FIRE.

BUT PLEASE DO NOT.

NON.

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JE SUIS VOTRE AMI.

IF I CANNOT BE YOUR FRIEND I WOULD AS SOON BE DEAD. IF IT MUST BE AT YOUR HAND, SO BE IT.

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WILHELM

DON'T HAVE TO DO THIS, YOU KNOW.

I KNOW.

YOU GOT KIDS, ROG?

NO SIR.

GOT A DAUGHTER.

LOST HER ONCE.

YEAH...?

HER MOTHER TOOK HER. BITCH IS ABOUT THE WORST PIECE OF TRASH THAT EVER WALKED THE EARTH, I TRULY BELIEVED I WAS NEVER GONNA SEE JANINE AGAIN.

FELT EXACTLY LIKE THE MAN IN THAT HOUSE SAID HE FELT.

DEAD BUT STILL WALKIN'.

ALL THOSE YEARS AHEADA ME I DIDN'T WANT.

WILHELM

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YOU THOUGHT YOU WAS GONNA SHARE THE FUTURE WITH THIS SMILIN' LITTLE THING YOU MADE, THIS PERSON THAT'S A PARTA YOU. THEN IT TURNS OUT YOU GONE FROM THAT TO NOTHIN'.

I WAS TWENTY-SIX, AN' ALL I COULD THINK WAS--FORTY OR FIFTY FUCKIN' YEARS OF *THIS?*

IS THIS THE FAMILY BUSINESS THING? THE GUY YOU TALKED ABOUT?

UH-HUH.

KICKED MY MOPIN', DESPAIRIN' ASS INTO SHAPE, HELPED ME TRACK DOWN JANINE'S MOTHER. USED UP SOME FAVORS DOIN' IT, TOO.

THEN WE WENT TO FIND HER, AN' HE FOLLOWED ME INTO HELL SO I COULD GET MY DAUGHTER BACK.

I'M GONNA GO SEE PAUL WILHELM.

TELL HIM GRACE IS DEAD.

AN' THE REST?

CAN'T.

HUH.

LITTLE I DO KNOW, I FIGURE THAT MIGHT BE A BLESSIN'.

MAYBE IT'LL HELP HIM PUT IT BEHIND HIM, HUH?

MAYBE IT'LL HELP HIM PUT A SHOTGUN TO HIS HEAD. BUT AT LEAST HE'LL KNOW.

APPRECIATE THE RIDE, ROG. GONNA FIND MY OWN WAY BACK TO TOWN.

IT'S A LONG WALK...

I COULD USE IT.

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MISTER KESSLER, THERE'S A MISTER BUTCHER HERE TO SEE YOU, SIR--

GGRRAAARRRHHH...!

SHIT!

GGRRAAARRRHHH...!

HELLO, MONKEY.

NNN... NNYEEE...

WH-WH-WH-WH--?

NOTICE ANYTHING DIFFERENT THIS TIME?

UM... UH...?

I'LL GIVE YOU A CLUE. SOMETHIN' I'M NOT DOIN'.

SMILING?

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HHHHHHHHHHHKKK

HHHHHHHHHHHKKK

HOW LONG WAS RAYNER TALKIN' TO SILVER KINCAID?

IHWZ

IH WZ Y

IT WAS ME.

AN' I READ THE LOT, SO DON'T FUCK ME ABOUT IF YOU WANNA KEEP YOUR HEAD ON YOUR SHOULDERS.

HOW LONG?

THREE YEARS AGO

JUST BEFORE YOU CAME BACK

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BUT SHE NEVER LET ME IN ON IT, DID SHE? WHEN I HAD THINGS UP AN' RUNNIN' AGAIN.

NNOOOOOOO

'COS THE THOUGHTA HAVIN' HER VERY OWN LINE ON THE G-MEN, THAT GOT HER IN A RIGHT FUCKIN' FROTH.

ON YOU GO.

TELL ME ANYWAY.

HNNNGGHH

SAID YOU READ IT

ALREADY KNOW IT

SHE

SHE WAS GOING TO BE

RAYNER'S SPY

REACHED OUT TO US AFTER NUBIA

SAID THINGS STARTING TO GO TOO FAR

GODOLKIN UNSTABLE

ALL OF THEM UNSTABLE

ANOTHER PRE-WIZ STARTING UP

O'HERO RAPING HIS WAY ROUND CORK

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RAYNER COULD GIVE A SHIT, BUT...MAKE HER LOOK GOOD IF SHE HAD ENOUGH INTEL...MAYBE DESTABILISE G-MEN SOME DAY...

NEVER EVEN GOT THAT FAR. KINCAID TOLD HER GODOLKIN WAS GETTING SUSPICIOUS. RAYNER WOULDN'T LISTEN, BUT--

YOU COULD *SEE* KINCAID HAD A SCREW LOOSE HERSELF. *SEE* THE PRESSURE WAS BUILDING UP.

"BETRAYING THE G-MEN.

"*BEING* A G-MAN."

WHAT'D SHE SEND US IN FOR?

PISSED OFF. NO SOURCE, NO INTEL.

SCENTED BLOOD, ALL THE HINTS KINCAID'D MADE. WANTED ANSWERS, ONCE AND FOR ALL.

WANTED THE BIG FUCKIN' SECRET, GRATIS.

UHHHHHHH...

JUST DIDN'T EXPECT ME TO NICK YOUR HARD-DRIVE.

SEE YOU, MONKEY.

DON'T BOTHER TO GET UP.

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BLACK AMERICANO FOR YOU, MISTER HOMELANDER...

AND A SKIMMED LATTE, SIR.

THANK YOU.

MM.

YOU BET!

WHO IS THAT?

WHAT?

OH, HE'S MAEVE'S NUMBER ONE FAN-SPITTOON. FLIPPER, OR SOMETHING.

WORKS FOR A PITTANCE, IN THE VAIN HOPE THAT SHE MIGHT ONE DAY USE HIM TO DOUCHE WITH.

SO THEY'RE *ALL GONE...?*

MM-HMM.

JESUS.

AND BUTCHER'S PEOPLE WERE DEFINITELY INVOLVED?

ONLY PERIPHERALLY. TO ALL INTENTS AND PURPOSES THE G-MEN SIMPLY IMPLODED, WHICH SHOULD COME AS NO SURPRISE TO ANYONE WHO EVER MET GODOLKIN.

THE UPSHOT OF IT IS, THERE ARE GOING TO HAVE TO BE SOME CHANGES AROUND HERE...

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OH?

NOT FOR THE SEVEN ALONE, BUT YOU ARE NOW OUR NUMBER ONE SOURCE OF REVENUE. AND THERE'S GOING TO BE QUITE A SHORTFALL TO MAKE UP.

MARKETING HAVE BEEN KICKING AROUND A FEW IDEAS FOR THE MOMENT WHEN YOU STEP INTO THE BREACH.

THAT WAS QUICK. CONSIDERING THEY HAVEN'T EVEN BEEN DEAD FOR TWENTY-FOUR HOURS.

COSTUMES, OBVIOUSLY. LESS RESTRAINED, LITTLE MORE MODERN--*DARKER* WAS THE WORD THAT KEPT COMING UP. JACK AND THE DEEP ARE THE MAIN CONCERNS THERE, OF COURSE.

HOW WOULD YOU FEEL ABOUT BEING BLUE FOR A WHILE...?

HOW STARTLINGLY ORIGINAL.

I ASSUME YOU'LL ALSO BE MOVING CONGRESS TO IOWA, AND REMODELLING THE STATUE OF LIBERTY SO EVERYONE CAN SEE HER TITS?

JUST A THOUGHT.

THE NEW GIRL CLEARLY HAS ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT. HAIR AND MAKE-UP, LOT MORE SKIN ON SHOW...WE'LL PROBABLY BE UPPING HER PROFILE A LITTLE...

I HAVE A QUESTION.

WHY ARE WE WASTING TIME ON THIS *SHIT,* WHEN WE SHOULD BE DISCUSSING BUTCHER?

YOU CAN'T DO IT.

I--

YOU KNOW YOU CAN'T.

WHAT HE HAS COULD BURY YOU TWENTY TIMES OVER.

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BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SOMEONE ELSE COULDN'T SOLVE THE PROBLEM.

SOMEONE KEEN TO IMPRESS, PERHAPS.

HE PROBABLY HAS COPIES OF THAT STUFF WITH A HUNDRED DIFFERENT LAWYERS. WHAT DOES IT MATTER WHO KILLS HIM, IF IT ALL GOES STRAIGHT TO THE MEDIA?

KILLING HIM IS NOT ON THE AGENDA.

CRIPPLING THAT MENAGERIE OF HIS, THAT COULD BE SOMETHING ELSE AGAIN. THERE ARE FIVE OF THEM, AFTER ALL.

I DIDN'T REALISE DIRECT ACTION WAS BACK ON THE TABLE. I'D ALWAYS THOUGHT YOU WERE TOO SCARED OF THE PRICK...

BY ORDER OF MY CURRENT SUPERIOR'S PREDECESSOR.

TIMES CHANGE.

HMH.

YOU SEE, THIS IS THE SORT OF THING I FEEL LIKE I SHOULD BE CONSULTED ON. POLICY QUESTIONS THAT ACTUALLY COUNT, NOT MEANINGLESS CRAP ABOUT COSTUMES...

YOU'RE BEING CONSULTED NOW, AREN'T YOU?

YES, BUT--

AND I CAME TO YOU. I DIDN'T EXPECT YOU TO APPEAR AT MY OFFICE.

NO...

WELL THEN.

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DID YOU EVER SEE ANYONE GET KILLED?

MMM... NO...

NO, I'VE SEEN A COUPLE OF PRETTY OUT-THERE THINGS, BUT I'VE NEVER SEEN THAT.

WHY?

IT'S...

AW, I DUNNO. NOTHIN'.

ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT...THE GIRL?

I'VE WONDERED A COUPLE OF TIMES IF SHE...

AYE.

THAT WAS IT.

MM?

YOU TOLD ME THE GIRL YOU WERE WITH BEFORE ME WAS LOVELY. *WAS* LOVELY.

THEN YOU GOT KIND OF SAD FOR A SECOND.

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OH, HUGHIE, I'M SO SORRY...!

IT WAS AWFUL.

LIKE WATCHIN' THE FACE O' THE WORLD WIPED CLEAN.

EVERY ONE O' THEM...JUST...

THEM?

THE POWER OF IT. BUT THE POWER *BEHIND IT,* TOO, LIKE THIS DECISION'D BEEN MADE AN' *NOTHIN'* COULD STOP IT BEIN' CARRIED OUT.

EVERYTHIN' SWEPT AWAY AT ONCE. GOOD, BAD, INNOCENT, GUILTY. DIDN'T MATTER.

I THOUGHT YOU WERE TALKING ABOUT...

I MEAN... WHAT HAPPENED?

AW, GOD.

JUST HOLD ONTO US, ANNIE, WILL YOU?

PLEASE JUST HOLD ON TIGHT.

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PIG
PIG
PIG
PIG

SUSAN L. RAYNER
DIRECTOR

PIG
FUCKING PIG

OH YOU FUCKING BASTARD PIIIIGG--!

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH!

HEH HEH HEH HEH, YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL DO IF YOU GO **NEAR** A SUPE WITHOUT MY SAY-SO AGAIN...?

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WH-- WHAT--?

SILVER KINCAID--

YOU STUPID SLAPPER--

YOU KNOW WHAT I'LL-- FUCKIN' DO--?

YOU PUT ANY OF US--

IN THE FIRIN' LINE--

LIKE YOU JUST DONE TO HUGHIE--

AN' I'LL COME TO YOUR HOUSE.

AN' I'LL KILL YOUR HUSBAND.

AN' I'LL KILL YOUR TWO LITTLE KIDS.

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AN' THEN I'LL FUCKIN' KILL YOU.

RODEO FUCK

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